

INSANE MAN KILLS SELF

Alfred Wallis, of Trigg County,
Puts Bullet in His Brain.

Alfred Wallis, a farmer living in Trigg county between Gracey and Cerulean Springs, committed suicide Thursday morning. He had been mentally unbalanced for some time and was in his room. He had locked his door and refused to open it and other members of the family broke it down. While they were talking to him as he lay in bed, Wallis drew a pistol from under the pillow and with the word "Good-bye," shot himself in the head. Death was instantaneous. Wallis was 30 years old and unmarried.

DR. RENDER

Temporarily Transferred From
Western to Eastern Hospital.

Dr. W. E. Render, second assistant physician at the Western State Hospital here has been transferred to the Eastern Hospital at Lexington. The Board of Control will not fill the vacancies in the various hospitals until next month.

LAST DAY

Week's Engagement to Close
Tonight.

The Shadow of the Cross will close its engagement in the city tonight. Do not permit this remarkable picture to leave the city without seeing it. Picture is on view between the hours of 3 till 5:30 and 7 till 10 p. m.

River Front Park.

Mt. Vernon, Ind., May 17.—City council in special session accepted the resolutions providing for a city park to be built on the city levee, and agreed to take the proper steps toward the paving of the block of street on the north side of the park between Main and Store streets.

The park is to be the gift of one of the city's generous citizens, but the name of the donor is withheld.

A Legal, Safe Proposition.

If you have a hundred dollars or more that you want to invest in an absolutely safe proposition, get a few shares of the Great Southern Fire Insurance Company. Cost nothing to investigate. Address H. C. Peo., Agent, at Hotel Latham, or box 334.

Masonic Notice.

Hopkinsville Lodge No. 37 F & A. M. will meet Monday night May 20th at 7:30 o'clock in regular session. Work in M. M. degree. All brothers requested to be present and visitors welcome. By order of

L. W. GUTHRIE, W. M.
E. C. FRYE, Sec.

Sale at Guthrie.

May 22 a big combination sale of thoroughbred Berkshires, Jersey cattle and sheep will be held at Guthrie, Ky. Many Tennessee breeders will make consignments, among them being Dr. Bailey Bell and J. W. Russwurm of Nashville and others.

Woman Elected Mayor.

Sheridan, Wyo., May 17.—Mrs. Susie Wiesler, a widow, has been elected Mayor of Dayton, Wyo., on the independent ticket. A majority of the votes were cast by women.

WANTED—Everybody to know I have an absolutely safe and profitable proposition. Legal requirements make it so. Address H. C. Peo., Box 334.

FOR SALE—A perfectly gentle family horse. G. W. LYON.

As He Understood It.

A Portobello (Scotland) schoolboy has produced the champion bowler of the season. The passage for paraphrase was from Kingsley: "For men must work and women must weep, though storms be sudden and waters deep, and the harbor bar be moaning." "Men and women," said the youngster, "must keep on working though the tan at the harbor is groaning for its customers."

In the Good Old Days.

Of course, the old-fashioned belle may have walked barefoot half-way to church to keep from spilling her Sunday shoes, but she didn't put her coffee in the bureau drawer when she went to bed.—Galveston News.

SOME OLD TIME PREACHERS

In Pioneer Days in Missouri Every Divine Carried a Gun With Him to Church.

Nearly every pioneer preacher in Missouri was as expert in the use of the rifle as any of the laymen, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. Services were usually held in a neighbor's cabin. Notice of a "meeting" was promptly and generally circulated, and the settlers attended, uniformly bringing their rifles to guard against possible surprises or to obtain game on the way to or from the service.

The practice of carrying firearms was not abandoned or suspended even on the Sabbath. An old pioneer states that on one occasion religious services were held in Saline county when the preacher proclaimed the gospel of peace with his hand and his clothing covered with blood from a deer that he had killed and butchered on his way to the meeting that morning.

The pioneer preachers labored without money and without price. They gained their subsistence as did their neighbors, by the rifle and by their daily toil in the clearings and the corn fields.

Rev. Justinian Williams, Methodist, and Rev. Peyton Nowlin and Rev. Thomas Kinney, Baptists, were the first preachers in Saline county. They preached on Edmonson's Creek, and in the Big Bottom. "Old Man Nowlin," as he was called, was a sedate gentleman, dry as to manners and sermons, but with a kind heart and good intention.

His colleague, Kinney, however, was of a jovial disposition and very popular. He was without literary attainments, but invariably provoked his congregation to laughter. Nowlin took him to task upon one occasion for his levity. Kinney answered:

"Well, I'd rather preach to laughing devils than to sleepy ones, as you do. You make them sleep and I make them laugh. My congregation will pass yours on the road to heaven. I bet you a coonakin they will."

MRS. SMITH HAD A SURPLUS

Undeniable Fact That Made Her Admit Stranger Might Be Right in Her Claim.

A woman who may be called Mrs. Smith placed her umbrella against the counter, at which she was making some purchases in a department store the other day, and when she finished picked it up and started away. At least that was the way it ran through her mind.

"Pardon me," said a strange woman, "but you have my umbrella."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Smith, "that is my umbrella."

"Pardon me again," insisted the strange woman, "but it is mine."

"I guess I know my umbrella," said Mrs. Smith, beginning to show fight. "If you have lost your umbrella I am sorry, but I can't give you mine."

"Did you carry two umbrellas when you left home?" asked the stranger.

Then Mrs. Smith discovered that she had an umbrella in each hand and she surrendered.—Cleveland Press.

On Safe Ground.

Whenever, on one of his rare holidays, Captain Goldby went to the city, he took some young relative with him as a special treat. On one such occasion he told his seventeen-year-old grandson, whom he had with him, that they would "dine at a real rest-rant, and get a taste of fancy cooking."

When they were at last seated in the great dining room, the grandson waited impatiently while the captain read the bill of fare completely through without omitting a single article, whether domestic or foreign in title. At last he sighed, and handed the card across the table to the boy.

"You choose what you like, sonny," he said, with a sigh. "As for me, I reckon as I've already eat more herring than any other man livin', I might as well stow away a little more. It's allays agreed with me, so far."—Youth's Companion.

Another Triumph of Surgery.

Two visiting surgeons at the Massachusetts General hospital, a few days ago "tied off" the entire right lung of a patient at the institution. Although the operation was an advanced one, the surgeons said that the anesthetic was administered according to a new method and it was their belief that the patient would recover. The difficulty heretofore, when either had been given in the normal way, had been that the patient regained consciousness before the operation was concluded. In this instance the incision was made in the patient's back. The surgeons said that the method was so new that it was yet impossible to say whether a tuberculous lung could be taken out in the same way.

Great Sea Monster.

While one of the gardeners in Broomhall gardens was digging a trench recently, says the London Globe, he came upon an ancient sand bed. On further excavations being made for the purpose of securing sand for gardening purposes, a huge bone was discovered. The bone is believed to be one of the vertebrae of a whale or other great sea monster. If that is so, the waters of the Firth of Forth must have extended at least a quarter of a mile farther inland at some very remote period. The osseous find was deposited in Lord Elgin's museum at Broomhall.

ROYAL
BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made
from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

MISS STARLING'S LETTER.

Chieng Mai, Laos, July 12, 1911.

The wife of our Siamese teacher has had an operation for appendicitis, and this morning her husband came over and said that the doctor had sent him over to ask for some beaten biscuit; so I concluded to make some wafers, and they are lovely. The oven was too hot at first, and blistered them a little, but the last are perfect. I am going to send some over to Dr. McGilvary, he likes the biscuit so well.

Tuesday was Mrs. Campbell's "At home" day, but she is on the hill, and asked us to take it for her, so we did. We had tea, a lovely coconut cake and beaten biscuit. But a shower spoiled the last of the tennis, and drove us to shelter, but we can usually expect that now. So far, we have had very little rain, but I hope for the sake of the rice crop that it will soon come.

Last Monday, Miss Buck and I spent the day with Mrs. Kerr, and had a lovely time. The Kerrs are among the nicest people we have out here, and Mrs. K. is an exquisite house-keeper. The English all make good salaries and live well.

There has been a good deal of discussion lately, about getting a house here, for a street chapel, but the amount of money it would cost has delayed things. But the problem has just been solved by one of our wealthy Siamese offering us two rooms in a new building of his, rent-free. The situation is ideal, in the public market, and is on the site of the "sala" where Dr. McGilvary lived, when he first came to this country. The man is not a Christian, but his daughter is a pupil in our school, and his friendly and generous act is very gratifying to us. I have often thought that we did not get near enough to the masses in our work, and if rightly conducted, this work ought to be very effective. It is successful in most countries.

I am writing to Mrs. Dietrich this week to thank her for the money the children sent me. I would have written before, but I concluded to wait until I had returned from the country and would have something to write about.

The industrial work comprises the sewing which I will leave largely to Mrs. McGilvary, weaving and lacemaking, and I will have to work hard next term. The new looms are a problem which remains to be solved. But it will be a great thing for the school if I can even make a beginning at putting it on a self-supporting base.

Yesterday afternoon, I went over to Mrs. McGilvary's, and heard the priests next door chanting. The house has been empty ever since I

came here, except for the few days that the French council occupied it, and I asked her what was the matter. She told me that the house is considered haunted, or inhabited by the "pees", as they think. Several men who have lived there have died violent deaths, and now no one will live in it. But a wealthy Siamese has decided to move in, and the priests have been sent in ahead, to drive out the "pees". For myself, I don't think any self-respecting "pee" would stay around long, with all that noise going on.

You speak of the missionaries teaching these people to make more comfortable clothes. That is one thing the missionaries are trying not to do,—to change the customs of these people, except where their custom conflicts with health or morality. Some missionaries have tried to Americanize them, but have only succeeded in de-nationalizing them, putting them out of sympathy with their own country, and with no means of gratifying their new tastes. They are having some trouble with that in the Boys' School now. The boys have been taught to dress so fine, that some of them have taken to thieving and gambling to get money to gratify their tastes. And other poor boys say they cannot afford to attend school, because they haven't the money to dress, and are ashamed to be with other boys who dress better than they do. And then there is so much to teach these people, that is absolutely essential, that there is little time to bother with matters of dress. Our watchman's wife is unusually bright and quick, and yesterday I noticed that she made her youngster a pair of trousers with a draw-string around the top,—the first draw string I have seen in this country. She had evidently seen one in our clothes. If you think the Siamese have too much cloth about their hips you should just see an Indian turban. I believe I could make a dress out of what they wrap around their heads. I don't see how they bear the heat.

I ate a piece of durian the other day,—my first and last attempt. I had to hold by nose while I swallowed it. The meat is beautiful and creamy, and smells like a combination of glue factory, asafoetida, garlic and rotten eggs. I have never smelled anything like it in my life, and all the next day I tasted it on the spoon I had used, though I took a piece no larger than my little finger nail. It sells in Bangkok at from one to three dollars each, and is considered a great delicacy.

Lucy Starling.

At Princess Theatre
Soon.

"COMING OF COLUMBUS."

The greatest of all Moving Pictures. Over 350 people in the cast. Cost over \$50,000.00 to produce.

Don't Miss It.

BEASTS ARE GOOD SWIMMERS

Rhinoceros, Elephant, Elk, Reindeer and Most Other Animals Better Than Man in Water.

Nearly all animals are better swimmers than man and take to the water naturally, while he has to learn to propel himself. The rhinoceros and hippopotamus are wonderful swimmers and divers, while the Indian elephant crosses great rivers with heavy loads. The elk and reindeer are first class swimmers. The elk keeps his head above water and crosses directly from bank to bank to avoid turning. The reindeer, on the other hand, turns as often as he likes, keeping his head only a little above the surface. But of all swimmers of all climes the best, though not the swiftest, is the polar bear, who passes half his time in the water swimming and diving. His swimming power is nothing short of marvellous if it be remembered that the water in the regions he frequents is invariably cold and that cold is normally prohibitive to good swimming. There are bears that can swim from 40 to 50 kilometers without great effort.

One of the swiftest swimming animals is the squirrel. A sportsman on one occasion, having at hand a squirrel born in captivity, which had never seen water, wanted to see if it could swim, and took it with him in a rowboat to the center of a lake. The squirrel turned toward the bank, head and paws above the water, back and underneath it, and began to swim so rapidly that it was with the greatest difficulty that the man recovered it when it neared the shallow water near the land. It is said that even many non-aquatic birds will swim like ducks if an attempt be made to drown them.—Harper's Weekly.

HOME A CENTER OF SERVICE

Old Time Ideals of Hospitality Should Be Maintained so Far as Possible.

The ideal home is not self-centered. It is a center of service. So far as circumstances will permit, the old-time ideals of hospitality should be maintained. In wise and uplifting ways the home should be shared. It is a good practice to invite young people who are away from home. It relieves loneliness, discouragement and temptation. Remember it is—

Not what we give, but what we share. The gift without the giver is bare.

The home is the bulwark of civilization. Within the extreme limits of wealth and poverty a home may be good or bad, irrespective of social position or property.

Our homes are what we choose to make them. It is a question of what we admit and what we kept out of them. Our best selves and the best we have to give should go into the home life, and to a large degree determines the character of children. The home tends to make us better or worse. Thus the home becomes the chief factor in determining the character of the community and the nation. The trend of our times is away from the home into the countless amusements and interests of modern life.

Where a Bath Comes High.

"There are some things about a trip through Holland that you recall when stopping at one of our modern hotels," says an American recently returned from a trip abroad. "In many places in that interesting country the hotels are run as they have been for ages and candles still are the vogue."

"Rooms with bath are unknown. Instead they charge you about 40 cents in American money for a bath. You ask for the privilege of using the tub and they send up a maid who brings with her towels and soap if you have none, for you are supposed to carry both with you. She fills the tub, has it about the right degree of heat, and the faucets are locked, so that if you want any more water you don't get it; also there is no chance for your traveling pal sneaking in and enjoying a bath without coming through with another 40 cents."

"You are provided with one candle a day and charged for it. The lights go out early in the night, and if you happen to get up or want to read you have to use a candle. This does not apply to Amsterdam, which is a metropolitan city."

Telephones in Indian Homes.

It is a far cry from the old prairie signal fire of the red man to the electric transmitter, but many of the rough homes of the Osage Indians in Oklahoma are equipped with telephones, and the owners enjoy their use immensely.

A telephone agent enlisted the interest of Chief White Eagle in the strange little box and wires, and soon he warrior's home was connected with "central." It was some time before his fellow tribesmen gave approval to his recourse to the white man's invention, but finally, perceiving the time, travel and trouble saved him by its use, they fled solemnly into the telephone headquarters with orders for installation in their own homes.

Not Quite Practical.

"She is very liberal in her charities," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other; "liberal, but not always practical. For instance, she wanted to send alarm clocks to Africa to aid sufferers from the sleeping sickness."

WHERE MARRYING IS WRONG

Fellows of Oxford University, England, in Certain Circumstances Are Penalized for Wedding.

Much is heard of the taxation of bachelors; but little is ever said of the communities wherein matrimony is deemed a punishable offense. Perhaps the most extraordinary ideas with reference to this subject may be said to be held at Oxford University in England. There, for instance, a fellow of All Souls College forfeits his fellowship, if when studying the classics, he should take unto himself a wife. In such event he must not only pay a penalty, but must also present his college with a memorial in the shape of a silver cup, with the further condition that on this cup shall be inscribed in Latin, "He backslid into matrimony."

There is an aristocratic club in London, the Bachelors of Piccadilly, whereof the members who so far forget their loyalty to the club as to marry are actually expelled and ostracized. The only saving feature of such expulsion is that, by the payment of a fine of one hundred dollars, the offending one may retain an honorary membership; but, so far as active membership is concerned, he is strictly out of it for the rest of his life.

There is a similar organization in Germany, the Junggesellen Club. Whenever there comes to the officials of this club any intimation that a member contemplates matrimony, he is immediately summoned for trial in the club court, with the president as judge. The culprit is allowed to plead in extenuation of his offense, and upon his skill in presenting such plea depends the amount of his fine, which ranges from one hundred to one thousand dollars. The humorous feature of the fine consists in the application made. The money is devoted to a dinner, whereat all members appear in mourning attire. At the conclusion of the repast the president solemnly reads the sentence of expulsion, and the delinquent is led from the room amid the groans and lamentations of his erstwhile club fellows.—The Sunday Magazine.

FAMOUS ROBBER OF JAPAN

Nezumi Kozo Stole From Old-Time Daimyos to Relieve Sufferings of the Poor.

Behind the temple sacred to the Nameless Dead and close to the wrestling amphitheater in Tokyo there is to be found the grave of the celebrated robber, Nezumi Kozo, who stole from the daimyos long ago in the old Yedo days that he might relieve the sufferings of the poor. There is a superstition connected with this grave which has made it a much frequented spot. If a portion of the headstone is carried away it acts as a lucky talisman, particularly to those who speculate or are otherwise engaged in games of chance. It is usual for a person breaking a piece from the stone to make a vow that in case he is successful he will buy a new headstone to replace the one he has mutilated. Many prayers must have been answered, for the stones are piled high on either side of the grave, and an enterprising individual near by has the stones already for sale and only waiting the name of the donor to be engraved and then set up. A shelter has been placed over the spot, and from the roof hang gay lanterns and pilgrims' banners. A large money box catches all the stray sen which go for the upkeep of the grave. Gamblers and geisha are often visitors; students before their examination feel more assured of success if they have a chip of Nezumi Kozo's headstone in the sleeve of their kimono.

What She Wanted.

Jim Mann was on his way back from Chicago and couldn't help hearing the conversation of the couple in the section right behind him. They looked like newly married folks, but were not on their honeymoon, as Mann learned by deduction. The woman laid down a newspaper she had been reading and said to her husband:

"Do you know, I wish I had one of these affluities. Oh, I think it would be just grand to sit on a rock with somebody and have him rave about the incomparable golden color of my hair and tell me that my eyes were the most beautiful in the whole world, and—"

"Uh, huh," said the husband, yawning.

"And that the delicate pink of my cheeks had been painted there by the angels, and that he couldn't live without me. O-oh, I think an affinity like that would be—"

"Isn't an affinity you want," interrupted her husband. "What you seem to want is a plain, old-fashioned liar."—Mack's National Monthly.

Her Easter Hat.

Apropos of the latest foreign limousine—the limousine with a roof that slides back for aviation meetings—Frank Coffyn, of hydroplane fame, said the other day in New York:

"This car reminds me of a conversation I overheard between two girls. 'It was an awfully smart crowd at the flying,' said the first girl. 'I saw some awfully nice frocks.' 'And who flew?' the second girl inquired."

"Don't ask me!" said the first girl. "Do you think I was going to take off my new Easter hat just to see a lot of people?"